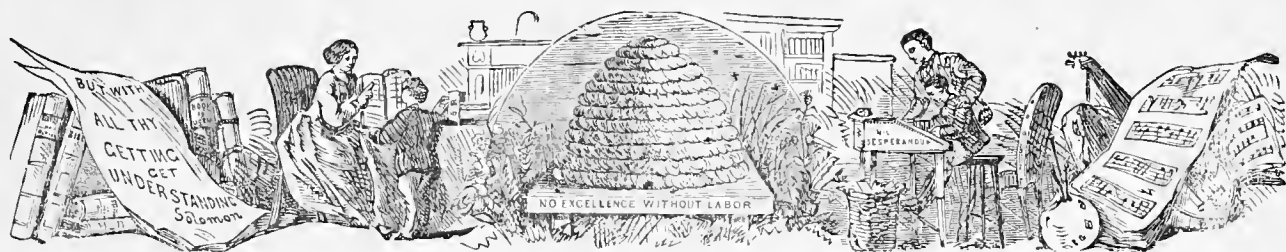


# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

TO LINESS TO THE LORD.



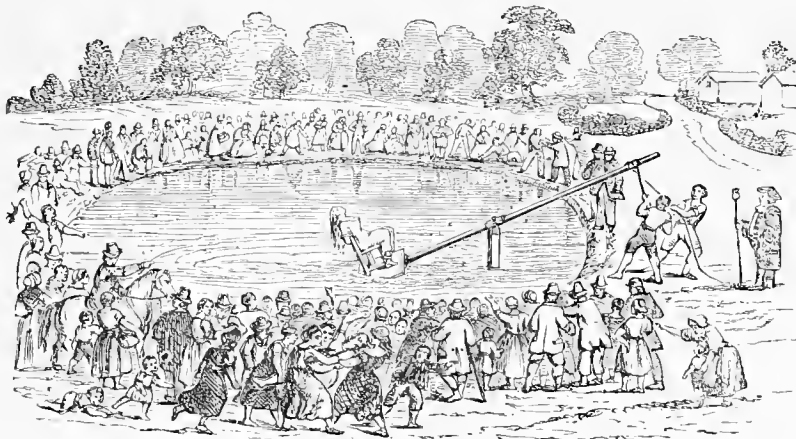
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SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

NO. 18.

## THE DUCKING STOOL.

CAN any of our readers tell the meaning of this engraving? We see a great pond and a woman fastened in a chair at the end of a long pole, which works like some of our old-fashioned well poles on top of a post, and men, women and children all around the pole looking on with a great deal of interest; mothers pointing out the woman to their children, and all evidently greatly interested in the spectacle. In front are some women who are pushing or carrying one of their own sex, probably to have her fastened in the chair, and we see an officer with a staff looking on to see that the operation is carried on properly. The chair which you see is called the ducking stool. This was a punishment inflicted in old times upon scolding wives. If a woman was noted for her temper and her disposition to scold, the authorities of the village or neighborhood would take the matter in hand and she would be fastened in the chair, as you see in the picture, and ducked in the water and pulled out again by the men who had hold of the end of the pole. The poor creature would be ducked in this manner until she was nearly drowned, then she would be released and sent home. This would serve as a warning to herself and all others who had similar propensities. And that kind of punishment was inflicted upon women alone. We expect there were bad husbands in those days, but we do not read anything about their being ducked. They could do as they pleased and in old times in England a man could put a halter around his wife's neck and lead her into the market place and sell her to the highest bidder. In these days of women's rights all this is changed, and woman is now looked upon as more the equal of man than formerly.



## TOO SENSITIVE.

THERE are people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They blame others for the fruit of their own irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least the habit is unfortunate, for it is productive of no good. It is far wiser to take the more chari-

table view of our fellow beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. Indeed, we had better fail to notice an intended offense than to fancy something an offense which is not intended as such. After all, too, life takes its hues from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men

learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody who meets him is under restraint, and in this way the chances for an imaginary offense are vastly increased. The person whose misfortune it is to possess this habit is seldom really happy; in fact, it is impossible for a sensitive person to feel happy and be at variance with his fellows, as a person is very apt to be who is always looking out for a slight. The habit, too, is one that can be acquired, and when a person indulges in it for any great length of time he is apt to fancy that the whole world is arrayed against him, and to fortify himself he becomes moody and disagreeable even to his best friends; until he is ready to construe every pleasant word that greets him into a slur, every laugh into a sneer and every smile into a grimace at his expense.

DR. FRANKLIN, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

## Old America.

BY G. M. O.

### CASAS GRANDES.

THE ruins in northern Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona consist chiefly of structures similar in plan and arrangement to those still used by the Pueblos; but they are far superior as monuments of architecture, science and skill. We have every evidence that in ancient times this part of the country was thickly settled, and a numerous population, evidently followers of agricultural pursuits and the builders of cities, occupied the country as far northward at least as the Utah lakes. The larger portion of their buildings doubtless was built of perishable materials, which have left no trace; many of them, however, were built of stone, though wood and adobe seems to have been more generally used. Some of the ruined stone buildings were inhabited when the Spaniards first conquered the country. The remains everywhere present the same characteristics, representing a people always building the same way with very little variation in the forms of their structures, and their condition in life substantially the same. But the ruins are not all the same age, many of them being so ancient that the traditions of present races do not reach them.

In New Mexico, between the head waters of the San Jose and Zuni rivers, west of the Rio Grande, on a bluff rising some two hundred feet from the plain, are the ruins called "El Moro." On one side of the bluff, which is vertical, and composed of yellowish white sandstone, are "Spanish inscriptions and Indian hieroglyphies." Lieutenant Simpson (1849) describes the ruins as being the remains of an extensive Pueblo building, built of rock, "with considerable skill, the walls in some places being still perfect to the height of six or eight feet, the stones uniform in size, fourteen inches long and six inches wide, are placed in horizontal layers, each successive layer breaking joints with that below it. Remains of cedar beams, painted pottery, obsidian arrow-heads and other relics were found. Four or five years after Lieutenant Simpson passed through this part of the country Lieutenant Whipple went westward, following mainly along the thirty-fifth parallel. After Whipple left El Moro he entered the valley of Ojo Pescado; here, close by a spring were two old Pueblo buildings in ruins, and not far away a deserted town of a later date. The two ancient structures were circular in form and equal in size, being about eight hundred feet in circumference. They were built of stone, but have so crumbled as to be but little more than heaps of rubbish. Pottery similar to that found at El Moro, painted in bright colors, and some of a beautiful polish was found. In the same neighborhood, on the summit of a cliff twenty-three feet high, was another old ruin strongly walled around. In the centre was a mound on which were traces of a building. Whipple encamped at Zuni, a great Pueblo building, inhabited at the time by two thousand people. Not more than a league away are the crumbling walls of an old Zona, which shows nothing but ruins. Its wall is from two to twelve feet high, and it covers several acres of ground. This old town became a ruin in ancient times; after remaining long in a ruined condition it was again rebuilt, and again deserted after a considerable period of occupation. It is still easy to distinguish between the two periods. "The standing walls rest upon ruins of a later date," says Whipple. The

premature masonry is about six feet thick, that of the later period is only from a foot to a foot and a half thick.

At a place west of Zuni ancient relics were found. Here formerly stood an extensive town, probably constructed of adobes. Near the Colorado Chiquito is an extensive ruin on the summit of an isolated bill of sandstone. On the ridge overlooking Pueblo Creek are traces of an old settlement. Ruins are abundant in the Rio Verde Valley down to the junction of that river with the Rio Salinas. Whipple says: "Large fields in the valley of the Rio Gila and many spots among the Pinal Lena Mountains are marked with the foundations of adobe houses. In Canyon Chelly, near San Francisco Mountain, there are ruins of more permanent structures of stone, which in their day must have excelled the famed pueblos of New Mexico."

In the valley of the Chaco, north of Zuni, are the ruins of what many suppose to have been the famous "Seven Cities of Cevola." The first Spanish traveler into these regions was Mark di Niga, a Franciscan monk, in the year A. D. 1539. How far northward his exploratory and missionary journey extended we are unable to tell. He reported on his return to New Galicia that there were towns and cities in this country built of stone, the houses several stories high and flat roofed. One town or city, called Cevola or Cibola, seemed to him larger than the City of Mexico, when viewed from a distance, for he did not venture to approach it closely. He also speaks of seven towns or cities in one kingdom, in which the Indians informed him there was gold in abundance. Friar Mark also says that he saw one of the natives of Cibola, who was a *white man*, of a good complexion and capacity (Hackloft, III. 370). Spanish cupidity being excited by the friar's relation of the greatness and vast wealth of Cevola, Coronado, the governor of New Galicia, set out with an army to conquer and rob its cities. But these buccaneers were disappointed in not finding gold, silver and precious stones. The report of this conquest and the governor's disappointment is still in existence. Lieutenant Simpson examined the ruins of these supposed seven cities, and describes them as being all built pueblo fashion and of stone, and adds: "It discovers in the masonry a combination of science and art which can only be referred to a higher stage of civilization and refinement than is discovered in the work of Mexicans or Pueblos of the present day." Espejo made an incursion in these countries with a military force in the year 1583. He describes the natives "as a people much given to labor, and continually occupied" (Hackloft III. 389).

In regard to the white man that Friar Mark saw, some Indians on the coast told Alarcon that there were white men up the country (doubtless meaning in the direction of Cevola), but that they knew nothing else (Hack. III., 429). Ruins of Casas Grandes (great houses) in the Mexican state of Chihuahua are minutely described by Bartlett (Explorations in New Mexico, Vol. II). The general character of these buildings is the same as the Pimo and Moquis villages on the Gila and Colorado. One of the buildings measured by Mr. Bartlett was eight hundred feet long, and from east to west about two hundred and fifty feet. Garcia Conde also mentions a class of ruins along the margin of the Casas Grandes and Janos rivers for a length of twenty leagues and a breadth of ten. Jars, pitchers, in fact pottery of all kinds painted in designs with white, blue and scarlet colors, corn-grinders and stone axes have been found. These beautiful specimens of pottery are much superior to that made by the Mexicans of the present day. Bartlett says, "The whole valley and plain for miles

around these ruins is strewn with fragments of pottery. On the summit of the highest mountain southwest of the ruins about ten miles distant is an ancient stone fortress from which the whole country, for a vast extent can be viewed." Many other ruins have been examined in this part of the old Mexican territory, and more will be brought to light, for the whole region has not been carefully examined, and new discoveries are constantly reported. So late as the year 1874 the U. S. surveying party reported the discovery of an extensive ruined city in Baker's canyon, about fifty miles south of the Utah line. An ancient mound was levelled by the railroad builders on the site of the depot in this city, and the mounds seven miles west of the Jordan are familiar to most of our citizens. For a long time it was the supposition that this was the original country of the Aztecs, from their name Aztec or "men of lakes;" but a more accurate knowledge of the localities has led to the abandonment of this opinion, and it is now considered more probable that the ancient civilization had reached the countries along the North American shores of the Pacific from the valley of Mexico or Central America. There is some faint light thrown upon the civilization of our western territories, slight but not devoid of significance. Among several of the Indian tribes of the United States there exists traditions of their having, during their passage eastward, come into hostile collision with and finally defeated people living in fortified towns. The Delaware Indians, for instance, say that many centuries ago the great Lenni-Lenapi inhabited a territory far to the west and that when they began moving eastward they came upon a numerous and civilized people, whom they call Alligewi, occupying the country on the eastern banks of the Mississippi, and living in fortified towns. The Iroquois, who likewise reached the river about the same time, united with the Lenni-Lenapi, and the two roving tribes made such fierce and repeated assaults upon the Alligewi that to avoid extermination the latter abandoned their cities and territories and fled down the banks of the river. The traditions of the Iroquois bear out this of the Delawares.

(To be Continued.)

## UNDER THE SNOW.

From "All the Year Round."

(Continued.)

ON the 11th of January, my first thought on waking was to make an end of my painful task; when I had lighted the lamp I felt my courage oozing away. I was obliged to have recourse to a new remedy with which I ought to have been able to dispense. Instead of breakfasting as usual on boiled milk and potatoes, I took a little bread and wine. This regimen restored a certain degree of firmness which I cannot ascribe to my own personal character, but of which I took advantage without delay. I had well considered the means of execution, and everything had been prepared the day before.

Oh, my dear grandfather, when you taught me, in front of your house, to transport a heavy body by the employment of rollers, we little thought that I should apply your lessons on so sad an occasion as this. The remembrance of what you then told me was completely refreshed in my memory. I could hear the sound of your voice, in imagination; and when the funereal burden nodded its head, as if in sign of approbation, I was so overcome that I turned my eyes away, like a person who dreads to look over the brink of a precipice.

The way was smoothed: the body was soon beside the grave. The most easy way would have been to let it fall in; but I could not make up my mind to treat it with so little reverence. Every difficulty being vanquished at last, what then remained to be done gave me but little uneasiness. I could freely give way to my grief. Seated on the mound which I had raised with my own hands, I wept abundantly by the side of that open grave. I could not resolve to throw in the first shovelfuls of earth without performing some sort of funeral service. I knelt, and searched my memory for passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion. I took the Bible, being sufficiently acquainted with it to find fitting portions, and such as my grandfather would have pointed out. While reading aloud, it appeared to me as if I had quitted my solitude. The holy volume responded to my emotion. At last I stopped, through exhaustion; I collected my thoughts, and no longer deferred what remained to be done. In a short space of time, the grave was filled. I spent the rest of the day in carving with the point of my knife the following inscription on a small tablet of maple-wood:

Here rests the body of Louis Lopraz, who died in the night of the 7th-8th of January, in the arms of his grandson Louis Lopraz, who buried him with his own hands.

I nailed the tablet to a stake, which I planted on the mound over the grave; after which I closed the door and returned to the kitchen, where Blanchette is my only company. Nevertheless, although I feel more at ease now the body is no longer lying on the bed, I find that some remains of weakness still linger in my mind. I combat them by paying frequent visits to the grave, and always without a light. I have resolved to say my prayers there night and morning.

JANUARY 15.—Yes; my position is greatly changed; I become more and more aware of it every day. I had a friend and a companion, and yet I dared to complain! God is punishing me for my former discontent. I am left alone—all alone! This thought pursues me the whole day long.

JANUARY 16.—I cannot shake off my weakness. I left my bed in a state of languor and discouragement, which continues. I write merely for writing's sake. If I told the whole truth, this journal would now be filled with a melancholy picture of despair. I have hardly the energy to guide my pen. My first distress when we were made prisoners here, my fright when the wolves threatened to devour us, and the sad scenes of my grandfather's death and burial, were as nothing compared with the prostration of strength into which I have fallen. I had no conception of this kind of suffering.

JANUARY 24.—Providence, to drag me out of the weariness of ennui, has sent a new source of disquietude. The goat yields a smaller quantity of milk. I thought I observed it several days ago; at present, I cannot doubt the fact.

JANUARY 25.—My grandfather certainly foresaw the possibility of my being detained here all by myself, and gave me several hints how I should act under such circumstances. One day he said, "What should we do if Blanchette were to go dry? It would be absolutely necessary to pluck up our resolution to kill her, and live on her flesh as long as we could." He followed this up with explanations how we should have to manage, to preserve her flesh. Am I to be reduced to this cruel extremity?

JANUARY 26.—If matters do not grow worse, I may set my mind at ease. Blanchette still gives enough milk for my sustenance. I have several cheeses in store. I have examined the remainder of my stock, and have spent the day in calculating how long it would last, if I had nothing else. It would not carry me through a fortnight.

JANUARY 27.—The yield of milk decreases, and the goat fattens in proportion. Consequently, in case of her milk failing, the poor creature is preparing to sustain my life with her own substance! I am now haunted by one horrid idea: shall I be driven to the necessity of turning butcher? Shall I be obliged, in order to prolong my own existence, to cut the throat of the animal which has fed me up to the present? I have now only a half ration of milk.

FEBRUARY 7.—I have tried every expedient. Once I got a little more milk by giving her a triple allowance of salt, which made her drink more. But it was impossible to go on so; because I shall require all my salt, if—Poor Blanchette! I have heard that hens too fat and well fed do not lay so abundantly as lean ones; so I thought I would try the effect of giving my goat a smaller quantity of hay. But it did not answer. She yielded still less milk, and I had the vexation of hearing her bleat half the day. It is now not worth while milking her twice a day; so I have waited until the evening, in order to get a little more. But she will hardly let me come near her. I have hurt her teat by pressing it too hard.

FEBRUARY 8.—I will confess my weakness; I shed tears to-day when I tried in vain to milk Blanchette for the last time. When she saw that I gave up the task, she gazed at me distrustfully, as if putting herself on her guard against any fresh attempt. I pushed the basin on one side, and sat down by the poor creature. I threw my arms around her, and wept bitterly.

She went on eating all the same, bleating occasionally, and looking at me affectionately. They say that goats do not distinguish persons, and that they never manifest the jealous and devoted attachment of dogs; nevertheless, Blanchette is fond of her companions, and shows confidence in them. She looks to me for food and the necessary attentions to which I have accustomed her; and I must now put a knife into her throat! Inexperienced as I am in such a task, I can scarcely avoid causing her great and prolonged suffering.

God has given the animals to man for food; I know it; but it is showing no ingratitude for his bounty if we become attached to those which have rendered us benefits, and which are of a gentle and affectionate disposition. I will, therefore, delay the cruel sacrifice up to the last possible moment. I have still a few victuals left, and I will economize them as closely as I can.

FEBRUARY 12.—With so many sorrows pressing on me, it is impossible to keep my journal with strict regularity. My provisions are all but finished; Blanchette grows fatter than ever. It goes to my heart every time I caress her. I have made a fresh search all over the house; I have broken up the floor in several places, to try and discover, if possible, some hidden store of provision. All I have gained by this violent exercise, is to excite my appetite. The idea that I have scarcely a morsel left to eat, makes me, I believe, all the hungrier.

FEBRUARY 17.—Since yesterday the frost has become so sharp at night, that I am obliged to keep up a constant fire. Certainly, if this weather lasted, I should have no hesitation in shutting up my poor victim's flesh in the stable, where it freezes hard, without any further preparation. But the weather may change. I must decide upon something without delay. I have only just enough salt left for my butchering purposes!

(To be Continued.)

## THE BEGGAR GIRL OF PARIS.

DURING the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women. The very streets of Paris were deluged with blood, and near the guillotine especially so. One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would reveal the fact that the woman had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the two leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him."

Each expression of this kind would create a laugh from those who heard her, though any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have been so depraved.

The first female watched this creature a few moments, and then pressing one hand to her side, she laid the other upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh, I am called the Beggar Girl Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"That does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow, filthy street, and then down into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes; everybody knows Marie the Beggar Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see that my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you not to show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a

A LITTLE wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves.

recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl; then handed her a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on, and go where I first met you."

"Oh! I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress; you want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the beggar girl of Paris. The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized; but of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her but a few hours before. After the exchange, the pauper looking on the stockingless and shoeless little feet and ankles of the lady, said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few minutes Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street. She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely. She now stood within the platform, swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there. The cry was raised, "The aristocrats are coming!"

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her, as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the steps that led to the block. Up to this moment the strength of the poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love swelled up in her heart, and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she said:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats who are to die."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not go away until you tell me why my brother is thus bound."

"Your brother!" was the echo. "Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie; don't you know me?"

"The beggar girl?"

"Aye."

"But this is not your brother."

"He is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light crossed his face, and he murmured, "Oh, my sister!"

Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing toward her.

"He is."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not de Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You you might have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat—perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face; then he approached Marie and looked steadily into her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when Robespierre, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while shouts rent the air, for they supposed he was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie. They scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again: she will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her:

"Have you seen this female before?"

"Yes, I knew all about her," returned the pauper. "She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble lady had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so they both sought more secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," replied the brother.

"He saw your plan—he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps that was the case; but if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, but lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save his by personating the Beggar Girl of Paris.

**ARTIFICIAL WANTS.**—Bulver says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with ten thousand a year, suffer more from want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough, from being dunned for unpaid debts, to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt is the happier of the two.

Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands upon thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

No man is free who does not command himself.



## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**P**RESIDENT GEORGE A. SMITH has been in poor health since last April Conference. About the time he came up from St. George, where he had spent the winter, he was attacked with a severe cold. This prevented him from taking any part in the proceedings of that Conference, except on one occasion offering prayer. His disease was thought by many to be entirely confined to his lungs; but there were features in his case which puzzled many to account for. He had great difficulty in breathing when he laid down and went to sleep. At such times the functions of the lungs were seemingly suspended, and he would awake gasping for breath. He was, therefore, compelled to take the most of his sleep sitting up in an easy chair. Notwithstanding his sufferings Brother George A. bore up wonderfully well. He was always cheerful, no one ever heard him murmur or complain; and he retained his strength to the very last. Scarcely a day passed without his taking exercise for an hour or two in a carriage in the open air.

During the last night of August he was very restless, and was up and down many times, sometimes lying on the bed, sometimes sitting in a chair. In the morning he dressed himself and walked out of his bed-room into the front sitting-room. It was while sitting there in a chair, at 40 minutes past 8 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, September the first, that his spirit took its flight. He died peacefully and without a struggle, and retained his consciousness up to the last moment of his existence here. Thus passed away from this mortal sphere a pure and noble spirit, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, a prince in Israel and a most faithful laborer in this last dispensation. Much might be said in praise of President George A. Smith; but the Spirit never leads men to glory in their fellow-men, or to extol their merits; on the contrary, it teaches us to ascribe all the praise, the honor and the glory of our salvation, and the good deeds which bring salvation, to God and the Lamb. We may say this, however, of our beloved brother: that none who knew him, and who loved honesty, simplicity and integrity, could fail to love him; for his whole life was filled with acts of unselfish devotion and he was an upright man. He was endowed with remarkable abilities, and they were always used in the service of the Lord. His age at the time of his death was 58 years, 2 months and 5 days.

The life of Brother George A. Smith affords an excellent example to the boys and young men of the Church. He was but a boy when his parents and himself heard the gospel and embraced it. He loved the truth from the time he first heard it, and deemed it an high honor to be its advocate. He grew to manhood with this feeling; and as he gave his heart to the Lord and served Him with all his might, the Lord blessed him. Before he was twenty-two years of age the Lord chose him to be an apostle. He gave him great influence, made him wise

in counsel and fearless in action and crowned his labors with success. At the death of President Heber C. Kimball, the first counselor to President Brigham Young, he was chosen to act in that position, which he did up to his decease.

President Smith has gone to the paradise of God, there to await the morning of the first resurrection when his body will be called from the grave.

## Our Museum

BY BETH.

**I**T is generally the case that when death separates us from a friend we discover our loss. As a friend and benefactor to our Deseret Museum no one was more conspicuous than our beloved brother, now departed, President George A. Smith. But no one knew it but the attendant of the Museum, who will never forget the liberality, urbanity, frankness and child-like simplicity of our lamented brother.

It was cheering to witness the entry of "Brother George A." as he was familiarly called, introducing a friend or visitor to our city to the Museum. Every attractive feature of each cabinet was pointed out in a sparkling, easy and effective manner. The history of everything pertaining to this Territory, or the early days of the Church, was so well known to him that the sight of objects instantly brought forth a stream of narrative that was truly enchanting. Especially did our brother delight in pointing out the early evidences of industry; our remarkable natural products, among which the "first nugget of gold found by one of our people in Brigham Canyon" was invariably pointed out and moralized upon. This remarkable nugget was presented by President George A. Smith to the Museum. It weighs a quarter of an ounce, and three hundred dollars was expended in mining for it. Besides this was presented one of the "milled dollars" found at West Point among a number of the same kind that were supposed to have passed in revolutionary times. It was given to President George A. Smith by a distinguished visitor to this city. No particular notice could be taken of these donations by the public press at the time, as our brother was one of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

On the visit of President Smith to Palestine several valuable silver and other coins were collected by him. They had been folded carefully to prevent them being abraded, and on his return were brought by him to the Museum. On being thanked by the curator, who intimated how valuable an acquisition they were to the coin cabinet, the only reply was, "I would have collected more for our Museum if my finances had admitted it." On being told on another occasion that fifty dollars had been offered by a visitor for one of the coins he had given he manifested no surprise. He only answered, "Ah! I knew it was valuable."

The public notice here given of these acts of munificence cannot offend the donator now; and they deserve to be recorded among the notices of "Our Museum."

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully.

## COLUMBUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLOMBO, or Colon, better known by the name of Columbus, was born in Genoa, about the year 1436. His father was a wool-comber. Columbus was the oldest of a family of four. Of his early life very little is known, though he appears to have received a good education. He was such a proficient in drawing and painting that it is said he could have earned a livelihood by them. He preferred to go to sea as a sailor rather than be a wool-comber. For many years he was only a common sailor, but afterwards became master of a vessel. His voyages were principally upon the Mediterranean. When he was thirty-four years of age he was described as being above the middle size and of strong and muscular frame. His visage was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes of a bluish gray, his complexion fair but somewhat red. His hair in youth was reddish, but before he was thirty years of age it had turned quite white. He was a skillful navigator, and was an ardent student. He married the daughter of a famous navigator, and inherited all his charts, travels, etc. After settling at Lisbon, he followed the occupation of drawing maps and charts. It was probably while following this profession that his mind became filled with the idea that a route to India might be found by sailing westward. Many things contributed to fasten this upon his mind, and at last the conviction became so strong that he felt that he was destined by God for the

great work of discovering a new world. This agrees with the Book of Mormon, which expressly states that he was moved upon by the Spirit of God to accomplish this work.

He first applied to the King of Portugal, next to the Genoese government, and then, probably, to the Venetian government. He also applied to the King of England. He finally applied to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, of Spain. Ferdinand had all the wise men of Spain assembled to listen to the argu-

ments of Columbus. Some of them argued that he must be wrong, saying that it was not in the nature of things that one man could know better about such things than all the rest of the world. When it became known to the people that he had such ideas in his head, even the children as he passed along the street would call him the mad Italian. He remained in Spain several years without being able to obtain the desired aid, but at last Queen Isabella became interested in his project. Articles of agreement were entered into and signed by the King and Queen on the 17th of April, 1492.

Three vessels formed the expedition, and only one of them was full-decked; the other two were light barks, called caravels,



no better than coasting craft of our days. They were open and without deck in the centre, and built up high at the prow and stern, with fore-castles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. The large vessel was called the *Santa Maria*, on board of which Columbus hoisted his flag. The second was called the *Pinta* and the third the *Nina*. The whole of the

officers and crew, including Columbus, amounted to one hundred and twenty persons. When Columbus set out upon this voyage he was fifty-six years of age. He set sail on the 3rd of August, 1492. After sailing for some time to the westward his crews became alarmed at the distance they had sailed and murmured against him. In fact they were determined to return to Spain, and some of them even went so far as to propose to throw him overboard; but some of his officers stood by him. As time elapsed, however, without getting in sight of land, even the officers became infected with the fears of the men and they assembled on the deck and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. He finally promised them that he would comply with their request provided they would obey his command for three days longer, and if during that time land was not discovered, he would direct his course to Spain.

On the 12th of October land was discovered, and so delighted were his people that they threw themselves at his feet with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon them, and now pronounced him to be a person inspired by heaven. Columbus was the first European to set his foot in the new world which he had discovered. This land was one of the Bahama Islands. The people whom they found believed the Spaniards to be more than mortals, and to have descended immediately from heaven. While at the island of Hayti a pilot carelessly left the helm to an inexperienced cabin boy, and the ship was dashed to pieces against the rocks. Columbus was in bed at the time. He succeeded in saving all the people and everything of value, but this compelled him to leave some of his crew upon the island. On his return with his two ships to Spain he took back with him considerable gold which he had collected from the natives, and specimens of all the productions which were likely to be subjects of commerce, as well as many unknown birds and other natural curiosities and a number of the natives. When he landed, which he did a little more than seven months from the time of his departure, the people of Spain were greatly excited. He was received with great honors by the king and queen and the nobles, and when he exhibited the natives and all the things he had brought with him, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and songs of praise were sung by the choir. The news of the great discovery which he had made soon spread over Europe, and his name became at once celebrated all over the civilized world.

Columbus made four voyages, and succeeded in reaching the South American continent. Upon his return from his last voyage he found Queen Isabella dead; Ferdinand was jealous and ungrateful, and Columbus was reduced to such poverty that he very frequently had not means enough to pay his reckoning at an inn. He died on the 20th of May, 1505.

"He is only a printer." Such was the sneering remark of a leader of aristocracy—the codfish aristocracy. Who was the Earl of Sandwich? He was only a printer. What was Prince Frederick William—married to the Princess Royal of England? He, too, was only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. Who were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, J. Gales, C. Richardson, J. Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Thiers, Jerrold, George D. Prentice, and Senators Dix, Cameron, and Nile? They too, were printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? He, also, was a printer. Every one cannot be a printer—brains are necessary.

## MOTHER.

"WHAT are you doing?"

It was a very curious question, but for my life, I could not help asking it.

There was a small boy, not over ten years of age, weeding onions in a big, handsome garden, working away, with all his might, and looking very hot and tired.

"I am working," he said, looking up with a practical air.

"Yes, I see, but for whom are you working?"

"For Mr. Leslie, who lives up in the house there," pointing to the beautiful edifice, which loomed up among the trees.

"Who sent you to work here?"

"Mr. Leslie."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Then why do you work?"

"Oh, I'm working for mother. She works for me, and has worked for me, ever since I was a baby, and now that I am getting big, I am working for her."

I went away with a feeling that I could question him no farther. What more need we know of a boy, than that he fully appreciates his mother.

Working for mother—remembering all the while that she had toiled for him, and that all his life's most earnest labors could not repay her for her tender love and care.

We don't meet such boys every day. It is not pleasant to say so, but it is a positive fact.

Boys think more of play than duty, and would not weed onions on a holiday, for the best mother in the world.

But when we do meet such a boy, such a brave, manly, stout-hearted fellow, what can we say of him?

Why, that he is the beginning of a grand, whole-soul'd man, who will make himself known and felt in the great world in which he will live.

It is a glorious gift, to be able to fully appreciate mother. She is the best of all our earthly possessions. All our happiness, all our comforts, all our successes, we owe to her. When we, little helpless creatures, are lying in her arms, she loves and cares for us, even though to the world outside we are but atoms, mere bubbles upon the great ocean of humanity; and through all our peculiar trials, she bears with us, and loves us better than she loves herself.

What would we do with all our bumps and scratches, all our hindrances and little trials, if it were not for her loving hands, and tender, encouraging words? Where would we find a balm, to heal our pains and aches? Where the care, to renovate torn trousers, and dresses, and worn out socks?

Ah, me! life would be full of terrible perplexities, were it not for mother.

Every one of us comes to learn her worth when we lose her. We know then, what she was to us when here on earth.

But how much better to learn it when she is here among us when we can repay her love and care, by our constant deeds of kindness!

My mind runs back to the little worker in the great garden, and the remembrance of him sets my brain to dreaming.

Why, I can see that boy's future as plain as day.

He will grow up, and all the world will love and honor him, and when people wonder at his successes, and advancements, he will tell them what I have heard many a good and great man say:

"I owe it all to mother." And if she lives, we shall see a calm, quiet woman, with a peaceful happy face, who will al-



ways talk of "my son," with a pride that only a mother's heart can know.

Oh, these mothers! How I love them, and how I honor these boys who love them.

Boys, don't put mother away on the shelf, when you come into coats and tall hats.

You are always her boy just the very same that she rocked in her arms, and trotted to Banbury cross on her knee, and you always will be, though she lives to see you a gray headed man with boys of your own.

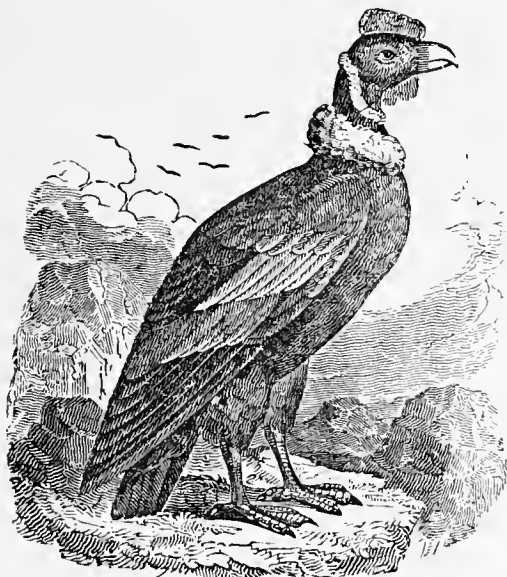
Mother first, last, and always.

## BIRDS.

(Continued.)

### THE CONDOR.

THE Condor has been long celebrated as a Goliath among birds, the expanse of its wings being set down at eighteen or twenty feet, and its st length exaggerated in the same proportion. In reality, the expanse of a large Condor's wing will very seldom reach eleven feet, and the average



extent is from eight to nine feet. In one specimen, where the measurement of the extended wings was only eight feet one inch, the largest quill-feather of the wings was two feet two inches in length, the diameter of the body was nine inches, and the total length from the point of the beak to the extremity of the tail was three feet two inches.

The Condor is an inhabitant of the mountain chain of the Andes, and is celebrated not only for its strength and dimensions but for its love of elevated localities. When enjoying the unrestricted advantages of its native home it is seldom found lower than the line of perpetual snow, and only seems to seek lower and more temperate regions when driven by hunger to make a raid on the flocks or the wild quadrupeds of its native country. Although preferring carrion to the flesh of recently killed animals, the Condor is a terrible pest to the cattle-keeper, for they will frequently make a united attack upon a cow or a bull, and by dint of constant worrying force the poor beast to succumb to its winged pursuers. Two of these birds will attack a deer or even the formidable puma, and as they direct their assaults chiefly upon the eyes, they soon succeed in blinding their prey,

who rapidly falls under the terrible blows which are delivered by the beaks of its assailants.

## THE ART OF PRINTING.

BY ROLLO.

### THE INVENTION.

PRINTING has been called the "Art Preservative of All Arts," and the term is well applied, even though it has not with certainty preserved the name of its own discoverer. The point is very dubious, and several cities and persons have advanced claims to the honor of the discovery. The cities of Haarlem, in Holland, and Mentz and Strasburg, in Germany, all claim the honor of the birthplace of the "Art Preservative."

The honor of the discovery of the art is given to several persons. It is affirmed by some that one Costar has the best claim to the honor of the discovery, which was made about the year 1429, and that for some time after he began the practice of the art, he used wooden blocks or plates, on which he engraved in pages, the words for several small works. These he printed on only one side of vellum or paper, and doubled and pasted the leaves together, thus forming them into books. But this can hardly be relied upon, and even granting that he did so, the books must have been very inconvenient and cumbersome.

Although Gutenberg continued work at Strasburg till 1444, and was in various employments, he made great efforts towards attaining the art of printing with cut metal types, the method of making which was first to cast the shanks or bodies to a suitable size, and afterwards to engrave or cut the letters on them; he could not, however, bring the art to any degree of perfection. Letters of cut metal must have been very expensive, and but very few works could possibly have passed through the press until cast metal types were used.

The honor of the invention of printing from movable wooden types, however, belongs to the Gutenberg mentioned above, a native of Mentz, but living at Strasburg, and the time is again conceded to have been prior to 1440, and it is also asserted that Gutenberg spent ten years in working out his idea. It is agreed, however, without dispute, that about the year 1450, Gutenberg, having previously removed to Mentz, entered into partnership with a person by the name of Fust, and that he (Fust) supplied a considerable sum of money for carrying out, utilizing the invention and putting it in successful operation. "And here," says a writer in the *Printer's Cabinet*, "again follows obscurity. Yet it can scarcely be questioned from proof adduced sixty years later, that Peter Schaeffer, the assistant of Gutenberg and Fust, about the year 1452, brought the art to greater perfection by devising the easier method of casting types, but a discrepancy in the account must be noted. By careless interpretation it has been made to appear that Schaeffer invented the method of casting type in a matrix, when a strict rendition and without doubt a correct one, entitles him only to the credit of originating the punches of engraved steel by which the matrixes or moulds were struck. Yet this gives him very much, if not the greatest honor of inventing the art of printing. \* \* \* \* But there is honor enough for all, and setting aside the claims of Costar as frivolous, we may briefly give the credit to Gutenberg, Fust and Schaeffer without detracting one iota from the fame of either, and hand their names down wreathed with glory for all time."

(To be Continued.)

## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BIBLE.

#### FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL.

##### LESSON XCIV.

Q.—How many of the Philistines gathered themselves together to fight against Israel?

A.—“Thirty thousand chariots, and six thousand horsemen, and people as the sand which is on the sea shore in multitude.”

Q.—How did the men of Israel feel?

A.—They “saw they were in a strait (for the people were distressed).”

Q.—What did the people do?

A.—They hid themselves in caves, and thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits.

Q.—Where did some of the Hebrews go to when they went over Jordan?

A.—To the land of Gad and Gilead.

Q.—How did the people feel that followed Saul?

A.—They went trembling.

Q.—How many days did Saul tarry at Gilgal?

A.—Seven days.

Q.—Who had appointed that time?

A.—Samuel.

Q.—What did the people do when Samuel came not at the expiration of the seven days?

A.—They scattered themselves away from Saul.

Q.—What did Saul do when Samuel came not?

A.—He offered a burnt offering.

Q.—What happened as soon as Saul had made an end of offering the burnt offering?

A.—Samuel came.

Q.—What did Saul do?

A.—He went out to meet him, that he might salute him.

Q.—What did Samuel say to Saul?

A.—“Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God.”

Q.—What did Samuel tell Saul was the result of his disobedience?

A.—That the kingdom should not continue with him, for the Lord had sought him a man after his own heart.

Q.—Where did Samuel go after he had told these things to Saul?

A.—To Gibeah of Benjamin.

Q.—What did Saul then do?

A.—He numbered the people that were present with him.

Q.—How many were there?

A.—Six thousand men.

Q.—How many companies of the spoilers came out of the camp of the Philistines?

A.—Three.

Q.—What was not found throughout all the land of Israel?

A.—A smith.

Q.—What reason did the Philistines give for this?

A.—“Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears.”

Q.—What was the result of this policy on the part of the Philistines?

A.—“There was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan.”

Q.—But with whom were they found?

A.—“With Saul and with Jonathan his son.”

Q.—Who went to a garrison of the Philistines?

A.—Jonathan.

Q.—Who accompanied him?

A.—His armourbearer.

## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

#### REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

##### LESSON XCIV.

Q.—Where did the Lamanites keep their Nephite prisoners?

A.—In the city of Gid.

Q.—What orders did Moroni give to Laman?

A.—He ordered him to take a number of men and go to this city.

Q.—When Laman approached the city what did the guards do?

A.—They hailed him.

Q.—What did he say?

A.—“Fear not; I am a Lamanite, and we have escaped from the Nephites.”

Q.—With what feelings was Laman received by the guards?

A.—With feelings of gladness.

Q.—What did Laman take with him?

A.—Wine, which he said he had taken from the Nephites.

Q.—When the Lamanite guards saw this wine what did they do?

A.—They were desirous of getting it.

Q.—What did Laman say?

A.—He wanted them to keep the wine for a time.

Q.—What effect did this have?

A.—It only made the Lamanites more desirous of getting it.

Q.—When they got possession of this wine what did they do?

A.—They made themselves drunk.

Q.—When Laman saw them in this condition what did he do?

A.—He returned to Moroni and reported what he had done.

Q.—When Moroni heard this what did he do?

A.—He sent weapons to all the prisoners within the city.

Q.—After this what did he do?

A.—He surrounded the Lamanites with his army.

Q.—When the Lamanites awoke in the morning what did they see?

A.—They noticed that they were surrounded by the Nephites and Nephites were in possession of the city.

Q.—What did they then do?

A.—They gave up their weapons and Moroni took them prisoners.

Q.—What did Moroni set the Lamanites to work at?

A.—Fortifying the city of Gid.

Q.—When this work was done where were the prisoners taken?

A.—To the city of Bountiful.

Q.—What did the Lamanites attempt to do?

A.—They tried to poison the wine of the Nephites.

Q.—How did the Nephites test the wine before using it?

A.—They first gave some to their prisoners.

Q.—What city did Moroni next prepare to attack?

A.—Morianton.

Q.—What was its condition at that time?

A.—It was well fortified and contained many troops.

Q.—In what year were these preparations made?

A.—In the twenty ninth year of the reign of the Judges.

Q.—What occurred in the beginning of the next year?

A.—Moroni received an epistle from Helaman, giving an account of the warfare in the land of Ammon.

Q.—According to this account, what did Helaman do in the twenty-sixth year?

A.—He marched with two thousand young men to the assistance of the city of Judea.

Q.—Who was commander of the city?

A.—Antipus.

Q.—What is said about the army of Antipus?

A.—It was greatly reduced, many having been taken prisoners by the Lamanites.

# THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

*From Chambers' Miscellany.*

*(Continued.)*

HE went along the same path which the old woman had told me led to the hotel. This induced me to leave my seat and follow him, for I much wished to be acquainted with a man of whom I had in the last two days heard so much. But then, again, I had heard nothing but complaints of him; and had even witnessed his harsh conduct towards others, and I hesitated to follow him. He walked very quickly, and I did not overtake him.

Presently I saw some peasants stop to speak to this strange man, and just as they left him I approached. He greeted me with politeness, and we talked of the weather and the crops. He answered all I asked in such well-chosen language, and at the same time so modestly, that I saw directly that he was a man of cultivated mind. He said that the soil was not better than that of the surrounding country, but that it was better tilled. I expressed my astonishment at that.

"Every owner dwells here in the middle of his own possessions," said he, "and therefore can easily inspect his laborers."

"But," said I, "these beautiful meadows?"

"You have not perhaps noticed," answered he, "that all the meadows lie together, and that they are well watered. We have also good marl in the neighbourhood. In other places, as well as this, these things are to be had more or less; but people are often idle or ignorant. Nature is a good mother to all; but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her, but prefer following their own conceits."

This remark was too philosophical for a village mayor or schoolmaster. I stood still, and looked at his coarse gray frock and round black straw hat. There was something distinguished, I might almost say noble, in his face.

He looked at me for a moment with a searching look, and then said: "Are you Mr. Rodern?"

"I am!" exclaimed I, surprised, and looking at him more closely.

He took my hand, and laughingly said: "You were formerly a slender young man—the delight of all the belles."

I tried to draw away my hand, for I thought that one of his strange fits, of which so many had spoken, was come over him, but he held it fast, and continued: "What a stout man you are grown! What good genius led you to Hard?" and he embraced me, adding: "Welcome here!—Do you not know me?"

I was now really perplexed, and yet it struck me I had seen him before; suddenly I remembered who it was. "Engelbert!" I exclaimed.

He answered in the affirmative, and the sound of his voice recalled to my mind my college life. I embraced him with emotion, forgetting all the evil I had heard of him.

He called to a little boy who was working in the next field, and said: "Run to my wife, and tell her I have found an old friend, who will breakfast with me. Let her set the table under the lime-tree, with wine, fresh butter, white bread, and raspberry vinegar."

I now related to him my history since I left college; I told him what had brought me to Hard; and we conversed long upon many of our college companions. "And you," said I, "what is your history?"

"And I," answered Engelbert smiling—"look at me. You see what I am—a countryman, and the mayor of the village in which I live."

"How very remarkable!" said I. "How is it that you hide your noble talents in this unknown corner of the earth? Was it your free choice?"

"My free choice."

"Have you been long here?"

"Nineteen happy years."

"Tell me all—everything," said I, impatiently.

"Another time. I see my wife under the lime-tree. You will see my family all together. Come and breakfast with us."

We followed the path up the hill, and presently came to the lime-tree, under whose shadow sat an amiable-looking young woman, about thirty years of age, very slender, with pretty features, and clad quite simply. A child, scarcely six months old, lay upon her knee; another child sat at her feet, receiving some flowers from a red-cheeked, golden-haired boy of about four years of age. Two elder boys—the one seven, the other ten—were standing behind their mother, each with a book in his hand; they were dressed in coarse stuff, and were barefooted. The rest of the party wore linen dresses.

The mayor introduced me to his wife, over whose face spread, at my salutation, a beautiful blush; he then playfully asked her forgiveness for being so late at breakfast, pointing to me as his excuse. I soon became friendly with this charming family. The children themselves seated on the grass, round a wooden basin filled with fresh milk, which they ate with black bread. They placed before me white bread, fresh delicious butter, water, raspberry vinegar, and a flask of old Burgundy.

"See," said Engelbert; "I have not forgotten your old dislike to milk."

All this appeared to me like a dream. The truly picturesque group before me—the unexpected meeting with Engelbert—the finding him living like a peasant among peasants—a man who, at the university, had been distinguished for his talents and for his knowledge—all this seemed too strange for reality. He was certainly odd in some things when at college, but his companions thought him only whimsical, like many other youths. Who could have imagined that he, whose talents qualified him for the most glorious, the most shining career, would have ended by being a village mayor and schoolmaster!

His Augusta (for so he called his wife) and his children loved him with inexpressible affection; and he fully returned their love. How could this man be so selfish, so unjust, so hard-hearted, as he had been represented to me? They said in the town that he was a millionaire. I doubted this; for I knew that his parents had been, during his early life, in only moderate circumstances; and the clothing and food of himself and his family were remarkably plain. I wished to examine this strange character more closely.

After breakfast we walked up the hill.

"I am sorry I have not sufficient room to lodge you under my straw roof," said he; "but in the hotel you will find everything convenient. I have established a bath there, which is much frequented; but as the bathing season does not commence until next month, you can have the best rooms in the hotel."

The wheelwright had already taken my carriage into his hands, and promised that it should be ready in ten or twelve days; but the mayor requested him to lay aside all other work until this was finished. The surgeon had set Kruz's arm; but it still remained much swollen, and there was no hope of removing him for another week. This involuntary delay was very welcome to me; for really Engelbert and his lovely family so pleased me, that I considered myself fully compensated for the accident which led me thither. I became more and more

interested about this strange man, and was daily more convinced that few men were so happy as he. His house resembled that of any other peasant's, except that it stood in the midst of a well-kept vegetable and flower garden: within the house there was the greatest cleanliness and simplicity. Not only Engelbert, but even his wife and children, slept upon couches of leaves and moss: the linen was coarse, but dazzlingly white, and always clean: they used at meals either wooden plates, or else those made of the commonest earthenware: their usual drink was water, milk, or weak beer. I went in one day at dinner-time. My friend received me with smiles, and I joined in their repast. The food was good. We had first a nutritious soup, then delicate vegetables, baked beef, black bread, and small-beer. This was all; but it seemed to me that I had never enjoyed a dinner more. The amiable mother sitting opposite to me, surrounded by her five red-checked children, Engelbert joking merrily with them, the droll prattle and the beaming eyes of the little ones, the peace and content which reigned over all, made it seem to me a dinner in paradise.

The best apartment was used as justice-room and study. Here my friend, seated in his easy-chair, summarily dispensed justice, and settled disputes among his neighbours. This room contained the only luxuries which the family possessed. A writing table stood at the window, there was a small but choice collection of books, maps both of the earth and of the heavens, an electrifying-machine, an air-pump, a galvanic and a magnetic apparatus, and various philosophical and geometrical instruments. The study might also be called the drawing room of the establishment: for here stood madame's piano, and in an empty mineral cabinet lay her best apparel.

*(To be Continued.)*

## WONDERFUL MEMORY.

IN an old book of Biographical Sketches I find the story of John Franklin, born in Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn. An instance of his remarkable memory, when only fifteen years of age, will show his mental powers in that direction.

The meeting-house where the family worshiped was a mere shell, being neither ceiled nor plastered, with the beams and rafters all exposed. On a certain Sabbath John looked not at the minister, but sat gazing up at the bare ribs of the building. On his return home, said the father:

"John, it is my duty to give you a severe flogging, and you shall have it after dinner, so be prepared."

"But," said John, "you won't whip me without telling me what it is for?"

"No, certainly. Your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon you were all the time gaping and staring around as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Repeat it?—No. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I'll tell you all the minister said won't you whip me?" asked the boy.

"No, John, no; but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse went through every head and division of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," cried the delighted parent, "I could not have believed it possible."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting-house."

## SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XVII.

Q.—What then was the real object of the officer having the search warrant?

A.—To get the plates?

Q.—Did he find them?

A.—No.

Q.—What was next done to secure them?

A.—Another officer was sent to search the wagon.

Q.—Did he find them?

A.—No.

Q.—When Joseph arrived in Pennsylvania, what did he do?

A.—He began to copy the writing from the plates.

Q.—What then?

A.—To translate them into the English language.

Q.—What did he do with some of the first copies translated?

A.—He gave them to a gentleman by the name of Martin Harris.

Q.—What did Martin Harris do with them?

A.—He took them to Professor Anthon of New York.

Q.—Who was professor Anthon?

A.—A very learned man.

Q.—What did he say about them?

A.—He said they were correctly translated.

Q.—What did Mr. Anthon say about the writings that Joseph copied from the plates?

A.—He said they were true characters.

Q.—What did he give him as proof of it?

A.—A certificate.

## ENIGMA.

BY ROLLO.

I AM composed of 16 letters:

My 12, 9, 15 is what no man is guiltless of;

My 1, 2, 3, 16 is a nickname;

My 6, 16, 2, 5 is a metal;

My 5, 7, 16 is what we all must do;

My 2, 10, 3, 9, 6 is used by blacksmiths;

My 16, 3, 4, 6 is what we should always refrain from;

My whole is the name of a famous traveler.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 15 is ALCOHOL. We have received correct solutions from Lily E. A. Duke, Nelly T. Cooper, J. D. Irvine, Chas. B. Felt and W. T. Cooper, Salt Lake City.

A good conscience is to the mind what good health is to the body.

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